The Sifting of Peter.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—St. Luke, xxii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its center.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

—*H. W. Longfellow, in Harper's for March.*

The Spirit of Erin.

Mute, mute is the harp in cabin and hall,
Silent the song, ceased the dance on the lea;
A shadow—of centuries—broods over all,
And none hath the heart to list, joyous, to me,
The Spirit of Erin.

From mountain, from glen, from the meadow arise—
Not echoing laugh, nor jest of the hour—
But curses, and groans, and the weak woman's cries;
And shuddering I shrink shorn, songless, of power,
Sad Spirit of Erin.

Ah, why hath the sun brought no warmth with its gold?
And why hath the shamrock paled, mocking our hope?
Why doth the harvest but famine unfold,
And the gaunt jaws of hunger in mad terror ope?
Crushed Spirit of Erin!

No answer comes down from infinity's place,
And the isle that is fairest sends upward vain prayers,
And turns to the human, pale Poverty's face,
To ask of the strong ones the strength that is theirs,
For the Spirit of Erin.

Give, give, that the hearts that are breaking may leap
From the torpor of senses that, dulled by a pain,
Make cowards of freemen! Wake, wake from this sleep
That the brave sons of Ireland may feel once again,
The wild Spirit of Erin!

Made strong with the food that is liberty's gift,
They shall breathe, with new breath, freedom's soul-winged air;
E'en now, through the black cloud of honor, a rift
Of brightness out-shines; 'tis the answer to prayer,
Glad Spirit of Erin!

Sound loud the sweet harp of thy nation, O land!
Hush wail; lift voice that the wide world may hear;
The souls that are freest stretch generous hand,
And the poet is prophet, and hails the new year,
For the Spirit of Erin.

The song shall awaken, the dance on the lea,
The laugh, and the jest, and the heart that is fire;
And Ireland, down-crushed, in her rising shall be
The mother of nations that grandly aspire,
In the Spirit of Erin!

—*Marie Le Baron, in the Washington Capital.*

A BACHELOR'S WILL.

The sun of an August day was sending golden shafts through the interlacing foliage over-shadowing a limpid trout stream. A young man was kneeling beside it, pole in hand, ostensibly fishing, but the speckled denizens of the brook had but little cause for alarm. The cool brain and steady hand, so dangerous to their peace under ordinary circumstances, were not really putting forth any efforts against them. It was a handsome young face turned in such evident eagerness toward the faintly-defined foot path leading through the woods to the sylvan spot. The features were almost too regular for masculine ideas of beauty; but the firm way the red lips were set together and the massive chin redeemed them from weakness. He started to his feet as the crackling of dried leaves and twigs betrayed an approaching footstep. Another moment, and a breathless young creature was beside him, panting from her rapid approach.

"I began to think you were not coming, Dot, and that my holiday was to prove a failure."

"It was by the merest accident that I got away. Father hardly trusts me out of his sight. But he was called off on unexpected business, and I've run every step. I feel so guilty all the time—I can't do it unless things change."

"Dot," began Philip, reproachfully.

"I know it is hard," continued the girl, "but I am as much the sufferer by it as you. Though, Phil," with a sudden intensity in her voice, "one thing I can do. I solemnly promise never to marry any one but him I love, and that is—you know whom."

"That is poor comfort, Dot. To know that the girl you would shed your heart's blood for can not give you a kind word now and then to keep up your spirits! I shall half the time think you are forgetting me, and making up your mind to marry the man your father is so taken with."

"You are very different from the idea I have of you if you give way to any such feeling. Why, Phil, all the people in the world couldn't make me believe you false, if you had promised to be true. But I must go. I just came to tell you—no matter what happens—that force could not drag me into a marriage with Oram Dinsmore, and to say good-by until we can meet as we used to, with the full consent of father."

"That'll never be!" was the gloomy answer. "It's good-by forever, I am sure. I wish that old cousin of yours had left his money to some one else. It has destroyed our happiness. Your father seemed to like me until that wil made you an heiress, and Oram Dinsmore began coming to the house. Much as he might have been taken with your looks, he'd never have bothered his head about you unless there had been a prospect of adding to his possessions. I know him of old, and he's as tight as the bark of a tree."

"Really, Philip, you are complimentary. So money is the sum of my attractions, is it?"

But there was no vexation in the eyes she turned upon his troubled face. Hers was a true, truthful nature and she understood her lover's meaning, though she tried to speak lightly and playfully to prevent a painful parting scene. Tears were near her eyes, but she forced them back; she must be strong for both. She held out her hand.

"Good-by, Philip. Don't be discouraged; all will come right yet."

Philip took the little hand in his brown palm, and gazed longingly into the sweet young face. Then he said:

"Won't you give me one parting kiss, Dot?"

"Yes, Philip, kiss me here," touching a slender finger one of her soft cheeks, and from this time that place shall be sacred from the touch of other lips until we meet again."

Philip kissed the cheek, which flushed redly at the touch of his lips. Dot was chary of permitting caresses, and though they had been fond of each other from their boy and girl days, Philip had never presumed to kiss her, unless when playing a game of forfeits in some of the merry gatherings which are sometimes given in country neighborhoods for the double purpose of drawing the young people together and helping the farmers to husk their corn, or get the rosy produce of orchards into festoons of neatly pared and quartered apples to dry, on the principle that many hands and nimble fingers make light and pleasant work. The next moment he was following the lithe little figure with sad eyes until it had disappeared under the overhanging branches. He lacked Dot's faith in the kindness of the future. He could only anticipate a long separation, and perhaps estrangement; and it was with a heavy heart that he gathered up his fishing tackle and started for home.

A distant relative of the Ingrahams had lately died, and had willed his property to his cousin, Dorothy Ingraham. During his lifetime he had never shown that he was aware of the existence of our little Dot, and it was a great surprise to her when the old gentleman's solicitor came from New York with the intelligence that he had made her his heiress. At first it was a great pleasure to the girl, and she built many pretty "castles in the air" about the way she would use her wealth, until a change came over the scene.

Mr. Ingraham, who had heretofore seemed well pleased to have his daughter in Philip Bertram's company, began to entertain higher views of her, and when young Mr. Dinsmore, son of the president of the village bank, began to drop in of an evening, with the evident intention of seeing Dot, though he asked for her father, poor Philip began to be treated coldly, and at last was forbidden the house.

Had Dot's mother been living, things would have been different, for her sterling good sense would have carried the day against her husband's sudden inflation of feeling caused by their good fortune. But since his wife's death Mr. Ingraham had no one to influence him, for he considered Dot a mere child, to be petted and governed as though she were five years of age, instead of a well-grown girl of eighteen, of more than ordinary capacity and good sense.

Affairs went on in this way for several months. Mr. Dinsmore's calls grew more frequent, and a strong pressure was brought to bear upon Dot to make her listen to his suit, which was now openly declared. She had now tried to discourage him by treating him with marked coolness and indifference; but he would not take a repulse, and her life was going to be an unhappy one, her father's conversation being almost principally upon the perfections of her suitor, whom, at heart, she cordially detested, though doing her best to treat him with courtesy.

Philip knew of his constant visits, and heard rumors of an engagement. He grew gloomy and morose, and when he chanced to meet Dot, would pass her in a way which made her poor little heart ache.

So things went on from bad to worse, until Dot would have been glad if her inheritance had been sunk in the sea At last another actor appeared—a young girl, who created quite a sensation in the quiet village. She was from a city in the far West, and was very pretty, and knew what colors to choose for her toilet to set off the tints of her glowing brunette complexion.

Dot's heart felt like lead in her bosom, when one day she met the stranger walking jauntily by Philip's side. She was shortly afterwards introduced to her, and for a few moments a hateful spirit suggested that she would make herself disagreeable; but she resolutely put the temptation away from her and appeared her own natural, lovable self. She soon ceased to wonder at Philip's evident pleasure in Miss Belmont's society. She was so frank and cheerful, and sparkling in her conversation, that she was won from prejudice, and they grew to be friends.

It was not long before Kate Belmont knew the true state of Dot's feelings toward Oram Dinsmore, though Philip's name was as a sealed book between them. Dot loved him as dearly as ever, and the very intensity of her feelings for him made her strangely shy of mentioning him to even her dearest friend.

It was a great surprise when Kate said to her one day, half jestingly:

"How strange that you don't like Mr. Dinsmore better! I have taken a great fancy to him, but have studiously avoided being even pleasant to him, for rumor gave him to you; and thinking him your special property, I didn't want to play with edged tools. But if you don't love him I shall adopt different tactics—for I think he is perfectly splendid!"

"'What is meat to one is poison to another.' How true these old adages are. I don't think he cares for me; he never looked at me before I became rich. I wish old Jared Igraham had left his money to some one else."

"Jared Ingraham," said Kate, musingly. "Where have I heard of that name? Oh! I know. I have the dearest old friend out West, and it's her love story which that name has brought to my mind. Something happened to separate them when they were both very young, and she left all her friends and settled in the West. But she always remained single, and to this day is true to the memory of her old love. By the by, her name is almost the same as yours, only it's Dorothy Ingraham instead of Dot."

"Why," said Dot, "my name is Dorothy. They only call me Dot for short."

"I wonder if you and Miss Ingraham are related to each other? I am quite sure that Jared Ingraham was her lover's name. If it was the same person doesn't it seem strange that he should have left his money to a young chit like you, begging her ladyship's pardon, instead of his faithful old love?"

Dot's face was a study as Kate rattled on. It fairly shone.

"Kate," said she, "I see it all! I am an interloper. Isn't it nice? The will said, 'I give and bequeath to my dear Dorothy Ingraham'—that's all I can remember verbatim, but that's enough. All the law terms in the world wouldn't make it any plainer to me. We all thought it strange that he should have left it to me when he never had paid me the slightest attention when he was alive; but the lawyer said that to his knowledge there was no other person of that name, so I must be the one. Give me your friend's address, and I will soon get the bottom of the matter."

"I'll give it to you, of course, but first promise me not to say any thing about it until you are sure."

"I will keep silent until you give me permission to speak," said Dot.

She wrote at once to the old lady, and in due time received a reply which confirmed her suspicions. So she immediately began to put things in train so that Miss Ingraham should receive her rights.

A month had gone by when, much to Dot's amusement, Mr. Dinsmore called and requested a private interview with her. She had noticed his growing fondness for Miss Belmont's society and half suspected the denouement.

As she went into the room he rose to meet her, and for the first time Dot felt an emotion of sincere liking and respect enter her heart for him. Under the influence of genuine feeling he seemed a different person to the plausible, polished man of the world who had tried to palm off the semblance of love upon her during his unsatisfactory courtship.

"Miss Ingraham," he said, flushing as he spoke, "I have come to make a confession, and ask your forgiveness. Not for withdrawing my suit, for I know you have never even liked, much less loved, the unworthy man who stands before you; but for persecuting you with my unwelcome attentions. Under the light which a genuine passion has shed upon my actions I see how contemptible they have been, and I wish to apologize to you and make my peace before I dare speak to the young lady I love of my desire to win her for my wife. Will you forgive me?"

Dot held out her hand. "With all my heart, Mr. Dinsmore, and I shall always respect you for the frank, manly part you have acted at the last. You have my best wishes for your success."

Mr. Ingraham was at first very angry at Oram Dinsmore's defection, but when Dot said decidedly: "I would not have married him if I had remained single all my life," he determined to give up trying to direct the course of true love, making a virtue of necessity, yet thinking himself a model father.

Dot was willing that her father should please himself with this delusion as long as he withdrew his opposition to Philip's coming to the house.

When, a few months after, the real heiress, Miss Dorothy Ingraham, appeared upon the scene, uncharitable persons said that Mr. Dinsmore had known of the mistake.

But Kate Belmont, his betrothed wife, had the pleasant consciousness that she had won his heretofore mercenary heart while he thought Dot the true heiress, and that he valued one glance of her bright eyes more than he did Dot's supposed thousands.

The real testatrix was very much taken with her namesake, and would not consent to take more than half the property. The mistake about her legacy had been the means of drawing her into the society of a young relative of whose existence she would otherwise have been ignorant. It proved very pleasant to her to have such a treasure-trove of warm human affection bestowed upon her, for young Dorothy loved her aged cousin very dearly, and was always pleased to entertain her in her pretty home, for she became the wife of Philip Bertram, and the happiest little matron under the sun.

Brother Gardner on Debates.

"No, dis club nebber hez any de bates," replied Brother Gardner. "I used to incouraige such fings, an' dar was a time when I felt myself a power in de land on debate. But I lib to see de evil effects. I diskivered dat if de ole woman wanted an armful of wood I wanted to stop fur half an hour an' argy the matter. If I wanted a clean shirt she had fifteen different reason why de hull pile were in de wash. Members of de society squatted in grocery stores an' made demselves believe dey were at work an' earnin' two dollars a day, an' two of dem would stop on de street an' argy fur half a day ober de query: 'Which am de greatest benefactor, de elefant or de whale?' I fink we are doin' well 'nuff as it am, an' we will leave debates to outsiders."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Young Hero.

We have a boy in town who is a hero, and we would like to speak his name right out, but dare not do so for fear that he may not like it. This boy is an industrious, saving, and energetic worker. There was a mortgage of several hundred dollars on the home of his mother, which she was gradually paying by economy and hard work. This excellent son saved his dimes and dollars and kept his wealth to himself, and recently he boarded the Eastern train, was gone a few days, returned and presented his good mother with a release of the aforesaid mortgage. We call that a noble act, and have no fear of predicting an honorable and useful and high position in the future for that boy.—*Iowa Falls Sentinel.*

THE *Journal of the Society of Arts* reports that the destruction of vines by the phylloxera has turned the attention of French producers to the manufacture of beer, but the expense of hops has proved a serious obstacle. A substitute has, however, been found in the shrubby trefoil or three-leaved Ptelea. A beer made by means of it was found to be identical in flavor with that of the best beer made with hops. The plant is a hardy North American shrub, which can be grown with success in France, in almost any situation or soil. The fruit or seed resembles that of the elm, and emits an aromatic odor when pressed or rubbed. The seed, which has a strong, bitter, aromatic taste, has heretofore been used as a substitute for hops in the manufacture of beer.

THE latest novelty at parties is the ribbon dance, which is often taken for a cotillion figure and is sometimes danced by children at their parties and at fancy dress balls. Eight ribbons of different colors are attached to a ring in the ceiling. Four ladies and four gentlemen hold the ends of the ribbon. The orchestra strikes up and they dance a measure which enables them to plait the ribbons. The orchestra then starts another measure, the dancers another step, and the plait is unplaited. Each of the dancers may be dressed according to the color of the ribbon that he or she holds, and the mingling of the colors will be all the more brilliant.

BY planting the Eucalyptus, or Australian fever-tree, in the marshes about Rome, Garibaldi has reclaimed a large tract of country which heretofore was sure death to journey across at night. The leaves of this tree are used largely in California in place of quinine as an ague remedy. In Tasmania and Australia, the natives have used the leaves as medicine, the fruit as an edible, and the roots for obtaining from them the water they contain in such great quantities. In the dryest parts of that region the Eucalyptus yields water wherever it grows.

WE do not object to publishing obituary poetry if said poetry is not too bad. But when it is of such a character as to make the deceased roll over in his coffin and groan in anguish, we are compelled to decline.—*Lexington Transcript.*

HERE at last is a slight variation from the usual pistol accident. Mrs. Adams, of Deer Island, Me., snapped the weapon at her little daughter, supposing it was empty, and killed the child.

Indians at School.

Nestling cozily together, about a mile to the northwest of Carlisle, is a cluster of a dozen low yellow buildings, arranged almost in a square. A long drive leads from the gate to the center, winding in its course around a dilapidated though picturesque old stable, whose period of usefulness is about over. To complete the picture, an Indian, clad in Uncle Sam's uniform paces on guard up and down before each building. Odd as this sight naturally seems to a stranger, to the citizens of Carlisle it has become so familiar that it excites scarcely any comment. The cluster of yellow buildings is the Carlisle barracks, and the Indians who pace up and down before them are members of the school, into which the barracks has been turned, carried on under the supervision and at the expense of the United States Government. The school at present consists of one hundred and fifty scholars—men, women, boys and girls. It was opened last September, most of the Indians coming direct from the West. A few of them, however, were sent up from the school at Hampton, Va. The institution is under the charge of Captain R. H. Pratt, of the United States Army. There are six school-rooms in all, located in the second story of the longest building on the grounds. When your correspondent entered the first room the lady in charge was busy at the blackboard solving the mysteries of "addition" for a burly Indian about twenty-one years of age, and did not notice his entrance. "Now, my dear," she was saying, "you see you have not got that quite right. Three and two, you know, don't make nine; three and two make five." There were probably twenty scholars in this room, most of them young men. They all seemed eager to learn and paid the strictest attention to what their instructress was saying. In the next room there was a commingling of girls and small boys.

"Do you see that girl in a green dress?" asked the teacher, pointing to a tall, ungainly maiden, of probably eighteen or nineteen summers, "that is the daughter of Spotted Tail." Miss Spotted Tail, who was placidly printing her A. B. C's. on a slate, looked up and smiled faintly at the visitor, though she understood scarcely a word of what was said. She has lately been joined in matrimony to the half-breed interpreter employed at the barracks. One day Miss Spotted Tail with some other Indian girls was sent to do some scrubbing; her husband, however, interfered; he said his wife was of royal blood, that she was the daughter of a chief, and he only wanted her to learn what the white ladies do. The teacher after dismissing a class which was reciting, put her pupils through their calisthenic exercise. The manner in which they acquitted themselves far surpassed in unity of movement that of many of our white schools, which have been drilled far longer than they. Not once during the proceedings was the stolidity of any face disturbed, except one wee little fellow, not more than four or five years old, whose mouth spread in a broad grin of delight as he proudly maneuvered before the interested spectators. Some curious methods have to be adopted to overcome the numerous obstacles encountered in instructing the "aborigines." When they first arrived it was found necessary to give them English names, as their Indian ones were unpronounceable to an English tongue, and being translated, would make, in most cases, a whole sentence. The Indians were notified that their teachers would read out a list of names and they could choose whichever name they liked. The result was startling. General Grant and President Hayes now do honor to the bountiful board supplied at the barracks, while Edith, Evangeline, Gertrude, and Bertha sup lovingly with John Smith, Jake Jones, Bill and Tom. The method of instruction at the school is on the kindergarten order. If a teacher wishes to teach her scholars to spell "bow" she draws a picture of a bow upon the blackboard, and writes in large letters "bow" above it. Pointing to the word, then to the picture, she conveys to them the idea that the word signifies the picture. The Indians are regularly marshaled to prayers in a neat little chapel, on the wall of which, over the pulpit, is painted in large letters: "Glory to God, on earth peace, good will toward men." Thus far the school has been a complete success, and, if it continues as it has been doing, promises to furnish a satisfactory solution to the troublesome "Indian question." There is a rumor going around that the authorities at the barracks have hired out Indian laborers to neighboring farmers for ten cents a day. Some of the troublesome element among the working class are consequently aroused, but the report as yet lacks confirmation.—*Cor. Philadelphia News.*

IF a pound of common salt were divided into half a million parts, one such part would equal a milligram. The spectroscope can determine with certainty the presence of one three-millionth part of a milligram of salt. Slapping the leaves of an old book together in the same room will produce a line of yellow light in the spectroscope, owing to the dust in the book being full of sodium.

THIS being leap year, it is the proper time for maiden efforts.

Old Clocks.

Longfellow, in his "Hyperion," tells us that on the belfry of the Kauthaus in Coblentz is a huge head, with a brazen helmet and a beard, and whenever the clock strikes, at each stroke of the hammer this giant's head opens its great jaws and smites its teeth together as if it would say, "Time was—Time is—Time is past!" This figure is known in all the country round as "The man in the Custom-house," and when a friend from the country meets a friend from Coblentz, instead of saying, "How are all the good people in Coblentz?" he says, "How is the man in the Custom-house?"

Another very remarkable clock is found at Prague, built probably by some of the old Nuremberg artists. It stands near the old Hussite Church. The clock itself forms part of the original tower, while the face or dial is exposed to the street. The dial is six or eight feet in diameter, and has a great number of hands, recording hours, minutes, days, months, years and even centuries. The dial is set in an elaborate frame-work, about eight feet high and fifteen long, and this metal frame-work is ornamented with many curious and quaint devices. One of these is connected with the striking of the hours.

In Venice may be found another wonderful clock. On the dial-plate of this, in St. Mark's cathedral, the twenty-four hours are marked with the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon. Above this is the Madonna sitting in state upon a platform between two doors. On grand religious festivals the door on the right of the Virgin opens, and out walks an angel with a big trumpet, which he blows, and then bowing to the Madonna passes on. He is then followed by three men, representing the Three Wise Men of the East, one of whom is as black as night. These all pause and bow before the Virgin, and then pass through the door on her left, which closes after them. On the platform is a huge bell, beside which stand two giant figures, who strike the hours with sledge-hammers, while above all is the Lion of St. Mark, with outstretched wings.

In an old record is found the following account of a remarkable Japanese time-keeper: "This clock, in a frame three feet high and five long, represented a noon landscape of great loveliness. In the foreground were plum and cherry trees and rich plants in full bloom; in the rear a hill, gradual in ascent, from which flowed a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a thread-like stream glided along, encircling in its windings rocks and tiny islands, but presently losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In the sky turned a golden sun, indicating as it passed the striking hours, which were all marked upon the frame below, where a slowly-creeping tortoise served as a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage, resting on a plum-tree branch, by its wings proclaimed the expiration of each hour. When the song ceased a mouse sprang from the grotto near by, and, running over the hill, hastily disappeared."

But it is said that Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, produced a clock which excelled all others in its marvelousness. On it were seated a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. The King of Spain came to see this wonderful invention, and was delighted beyond measure. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit; if your Majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity." The King took an apple, upon which the dog flew at his hand, barking so loudly and so naturally that another dog which had come into the room began to bark also. The courtiers became terrified, thinking this must be an affair of witchcraft, and crossing themselves hastily departed. Only one ventured to remain, and Droz requested him to ask the negro what time it was. He did so in Spanish, but received no reply. Droz remarked that the negro had not learned Spanish, and the question was repeated in French, when the negro immediately replied. This frightened the questioner also quite out of his wits, and he, too, beat a hasty retreat, sure that the whole thing must be of the devil.—*Church and People.*

POLITENESS to ladies is justly considered one of our national attributes, but while the native citizen keeps up to the standard of gallantry, the imported article is apt to work defectively. A passenger in a crowded street-car, the other day, observed the entrance of a man followed by an old woman, and, seeing that she looked tired and weak, he considerately arose and offered her his seat. Before she could take it, however, the man had quietly filled the vacancy. "Here, just come out of that," said the passenger, "I didn't give up my seat to you, but to the lady." To which the fellow replied, without offering to move: "O, yah! dot is all right—dot lady is mein vife."—*New York Hour.*

EUREKA, Nev., boasts of a one-armed man who makes a living by chopping wood. The fellow is a good chopper, and wields his ax with as much dexterity as the best woodman in the country.